

SPAWN



103

SPAWN.COM
DIGITAL EDITION

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

CAUTIONARY TALES - PART II

Remains

DEDICATED TO
ANDREW ADAMSON

PLOT
BRIAN HOLGUIN
TODD McFARLANE

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA

LETTERING
TOM ORZECHOWSKI

COLOR
BRIAN HABERLIN
DAN KEMP
HABERLIN STUDIOS

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SPAWN 102 SUMMARY

At the end of her mental and emotional rope, Thea has a gift that can also be a curse: She can see when people are about to die. Spawn appears to Thea, but she's convinced he's there to harm her. Hell's opportunistic lords are quick to take advantage of humans in Thea's condition, and a smooth-talking, expensively dressed demon approaches her, and reinforces her belief that Spawn is out to get her. The demon convinces Thea to give up her soul to him, and then reveals, after it is too late, that Spawn was actually there to help.



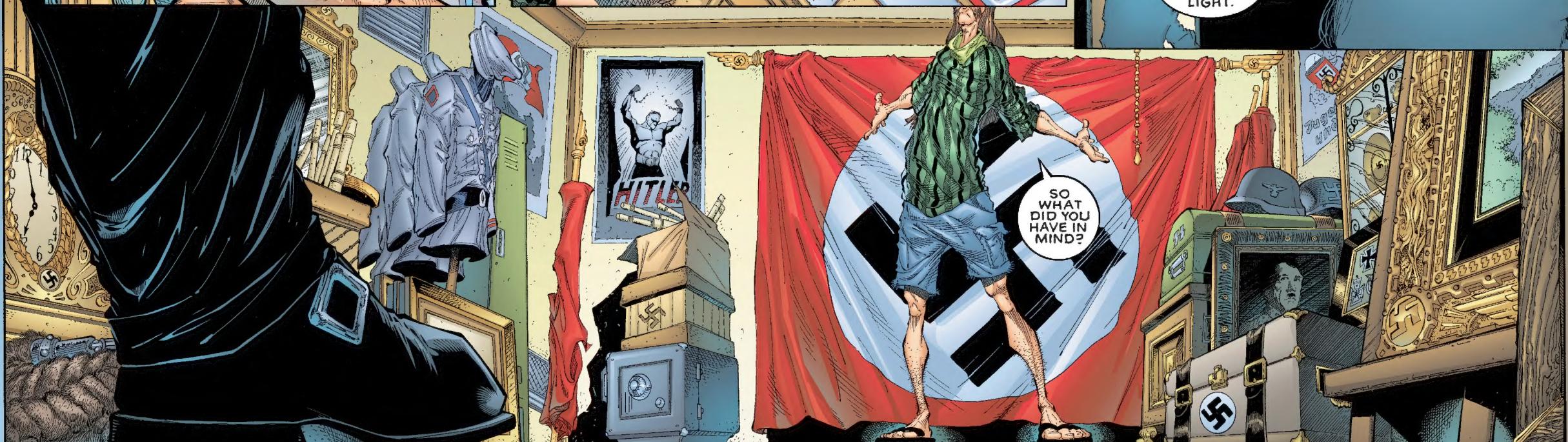
TODD McFARLANE
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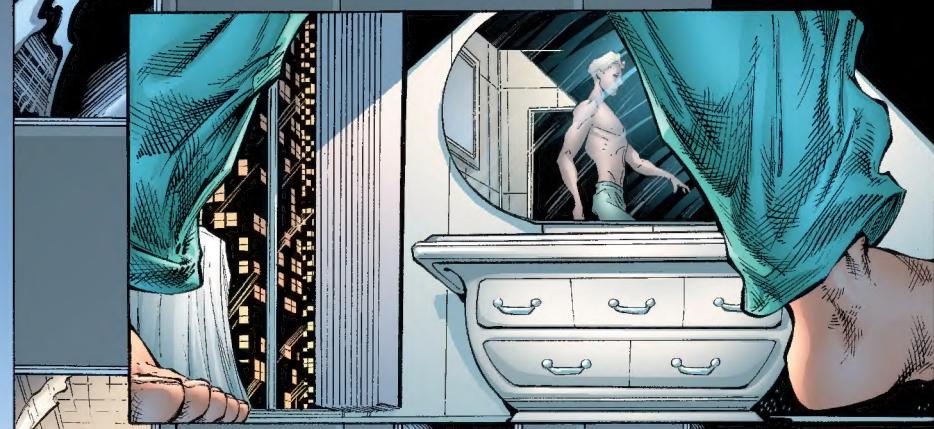
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=Sigh=
WHAT'S THE
BIG DEAL?
NOTHING TO BE
ASHAMED OF.
IT'S NOT LIKE
IT'S A **PERSON**
OR ANY-
THING.

IT'S
JUST A
THING.

LIKE HE
SAID, JUST
A PIECE OF
HISTORY.

MOMENTO
MORI.





MY GOD,
YOU'RE
BEAUTIFUL...

KNOW...

LAST NIGHT, I DREAMED OF DEATH.

IT CAME TO ME, LIKE A TERRIBLE GHOST IN A GOETHE PLAY. I ASKED IT WHY IT FOLLOWED ME AND IT GAVE NO ANSWER.

AGAIN, I HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING. I CURSE MYSELF FOR BEING WEAK. I MUST BE VIGILANT. COL. K. HAS ORDERED THAT WE ARE TO STEP UP OPERATIONS.

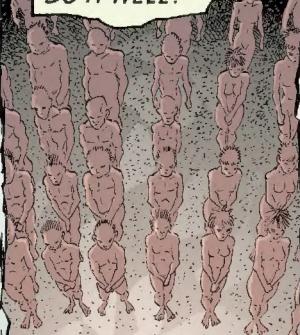
THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO.

MUCH TO DO IN ORDER TO PERFECT THIS WORLD.

I CAN TELL Col. K. DOES NOT LIKE ME. HE AND THE OTHERS LAUGH BEHIND MY BACK.



I DO NOT CLAIM TO BE A HERO. I AM NOT THE SOLDIER HE IS. I AM A MAN, THAT IS ALL. BUT I HAVE A JOB AND I DO IT WELL.



THE LATEST LOT IS EVEN MORE PATHETIC THAN THE LAST. (GYPSIES! I AM BEGINNING TO LOATH THEM MORE THAN THE JEWS.)



I LONG FOR THE DAYS WHEN THE WAR WILL BE BEHIND US. WHEN A LIFE OF JOY AND BEAUTY MAY BEGIN AGAIN.

I PRAY FOR THE DAY WHEN IT WILL BE SPRINGTIME AGAIN.



Col. K.'S FAMILY ARRIVED YESTERDAY. HE HAD A SMALL PLAY GARDEN BUILT FOR HIS GRAND-CHILDREN IN THE FIELD BEHIND THE GALLONS.

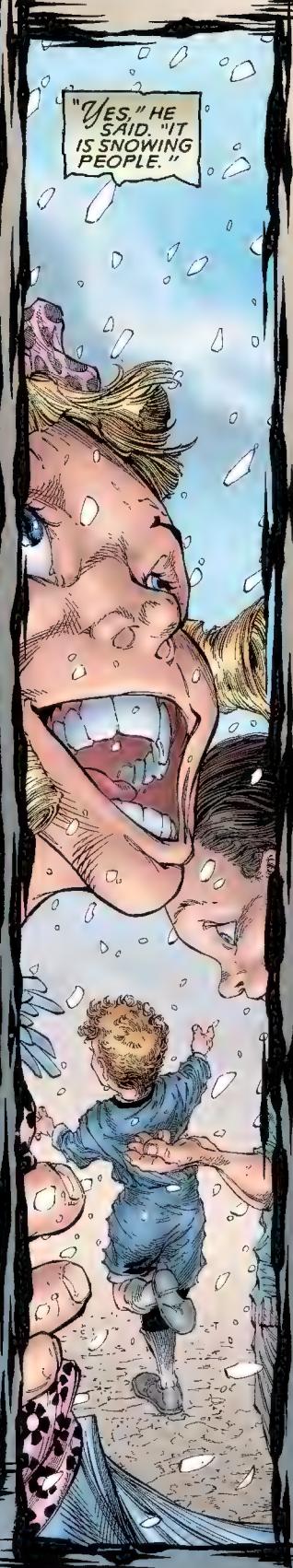
SO NICE TO HEAR CHILDREN LAUGHING AGAIN.

THIS AFTERNOON THEY CALLED OUT TO Col. K., "GRANDPA, GRANDPA COME QUICK! IT IS A MIRACLE.

"LOOK! IT IS SNOWING! SNOWING IN SEPTEMBER! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?"

Col. K. STOOD ON THE PORCH AND LAUGHED.

"YES," HE SAID, "IT IS SNOWING PEOPLE."



I ARRANGED FOR THE ROMANY GIRL TO WORK FOR ME. SHE DOES NOT APPEAR GRATEFUL.



THE STRONG ONES WILL LAST THREE MONTHS. EACH ONE, ALMOST TO THE DAY. HERE, SHE COULD LAST TWICE THAT. THREE TIMES EVEN.

I DO NOT TELL HER THIS.



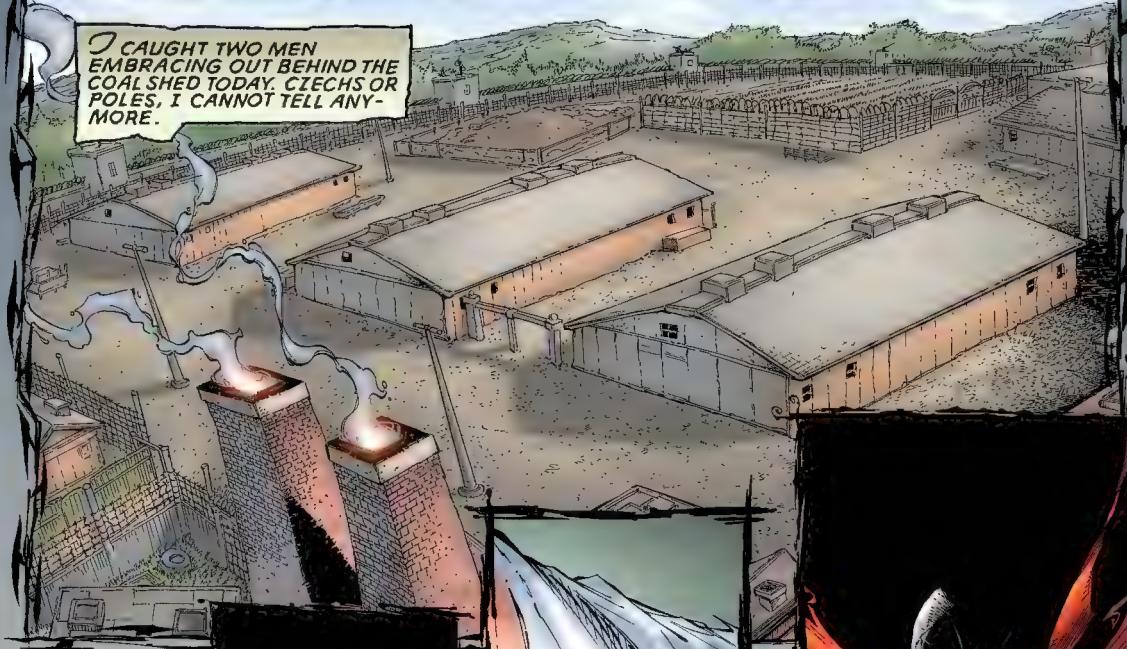
I FIND THAT IT IS THESE PRIVATE ACTS OF GENEROSITY THAT HELP KEEP MY SPIRITS UP. WE ARE HERE TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER. I MUST NOT FORGET THAT.



I THINK SHE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAVE EVER SEEN.



I CAUGHT TWO MEN
EMBRACING OUT BEHIND THE
COAL SHED TODAY. CZECHS OR
POLES, I CANNOT TELL ANY-
MORE.



THEY
PLEADED WITH
ME, CRYING
FOR MERCY,
SAYING THAT I
WAS MISTAKEN.
THEY TOLD ME
THEY WERE
COUSINS AND
EACH HAD
THOUGHT THE
OTHER ONE
DEAD.

SUCH DISPLAYS
OF EMOTION
ARE UNMANLY.
THE MARK OF
AN ABERRANT
PERSONALITY.

THEY WEPT
LIKE BABIES
WHEN I
TOLD THEM
THAT THIS
INCIDENT
WOULD BE
RECORDED.

ONE DOES
WELL TO
REMEMBER
THAT, EVEN
HERE, THERE
IS ALWAYS
SOME PLACE
LOWER TO GO.

MEANWHILE,
THE PERSIST-
ENT GHOST
OF DEATH STILL
PERSECUTES
MY DREAMS.



IT HAS BEEN FOUR MONTHS. I CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER. THIS MORNING, AFTER BREAKFAST, I CONFESSED MY FEELINGS.

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT SHE DID NOT HEAR ME. OR MAYBE SHE WAS OVERWHELMED. WHAT I OFFER HER MUST BE MORE THAN SHE DARE DREAM.

BUT THEN SHE LOOKED AT ME AS NO WOMAN HAS EVER LOOKED AT ME-- AS IF I WERE A RODENT, AN INSECT-- AND SPOKE BUT ONE WORD.

MONSTER.

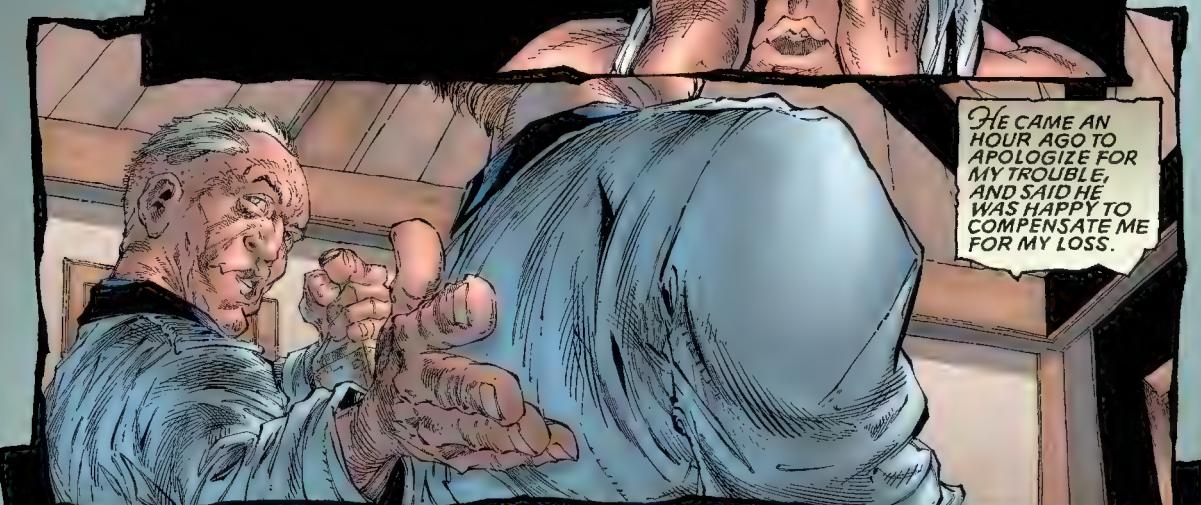
HOW COULD SHE ABUSE ME THUS? AFTER ALL THE KINDNESSES I HAVE VISITED UPON HER?

MONSTER? I, WHO HAVE NEVER KILLED A MAN, WHOSE HANDS NEVER TOUCHED ANOTHER IN ANGER?

I AM A GOOD MAN. I AM A MAN OF COURAGE MAKING A BETTER WORLD.

OFTENTIMES MY WORK IS NOT PRETTY, BUT IT IS NECESSARY. SHE CANNOT FAULT ME FOR THAT.

IF I DID NOT DO IT, SOMEONE ELSE WOULD.



WHAT HAVE
I DONE TO
DESERVE
SUCH MISERY?

LET MY
GHOST TAKE
ME. I NO
LONGER HAVE
THE WILL TO
LIVE.

HE LOOKS
AT ME THE
SAME WAY
SHE DID.
HATEFUL,
ACCUSING...





I AM NO MARTYR.

I HAVE COME TO THIS NOT BECAUSE I AM BRAVE AND BELIEVE IN THE RIGHTNESS OF MY CAUSE, BUT BECAUSE I AM A COWARD AND CHOSE TO LIVE BEHIND THE LIES OF OTHERS.

MY GHOST HAS CAUGHT UP WITH ME AND SHOWN ME WHAT I WOULD NOT ALLOW MYSELF TO SEE.

PERHAPS, IN THE END, IT WILL MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

SOMEONE ELSE WILL BE SENT TO TAKE MY PLACE, SOMEONE ELSE WILL DO THE THINGS THAT I HAVE DONE.

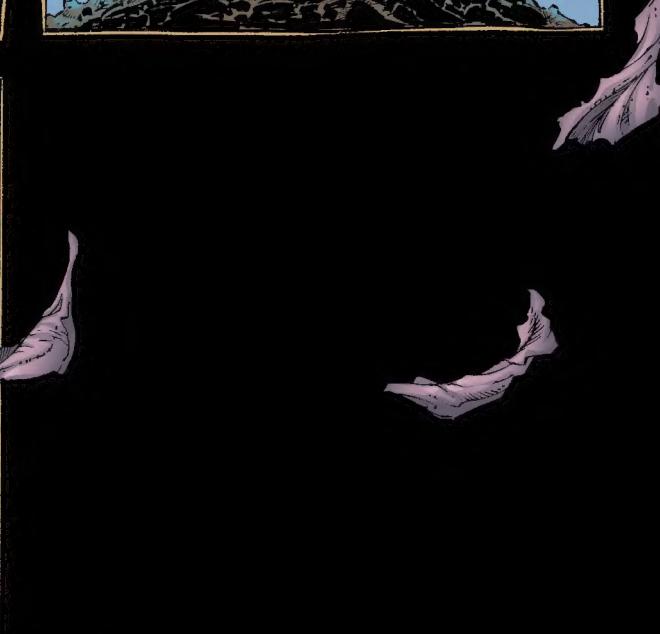
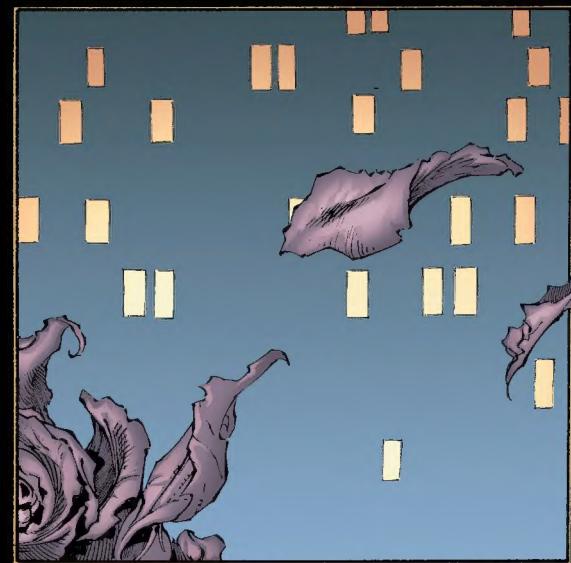
BUT IT WILL BE SOMEONE ELSE. IT WILL NOT BE ME.

AND THAT
WILL BE
DIFFERENCE
ENOUGH...

HAAAH!

OK,
GOD...
FORGIVE
ME.







REST.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE

• D O T T •